

He's a Cat, Not a Bird!

by MyLittleRobin

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Summary: Co-written with [africaflower77](#) and [Oreocat155338](#). Selina Kyle was able to adopt Richard Grayson before Bruce Wayne knew it. Now Catwoman has a 9 year old partner, Tiger, and Batman has to try and stop them. But Selina has realized that she doesn't have the resources for a child, what's she to do?

He's a Cat, Not a Bird!

****AN:** Hey! I'm [africaflower77](#) and I'll be co writing this story with MyLittleRobin, and possibly [Oreocat155338](#)! This chapter will be mine, hope y'all enjoy!**

****Disclaimer:** None of us own Batman, it's a sad truth (for us at least ;D)**

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Bruce stared at himself in the mirror noting his pressed white dress shirt and azure tie that went with his eyes. Alfred had arranged for him to attend the Circus in town - Haly's Circus was it? - to maintain appearances. Bruce 'Brucie' Wayne after all, had the part of a socialite to meet.

Sighing, he turned to grab his Tuxedo, when all of a sudden his phone went off. Swiftly pulling it out of his pocket, Bruce's mouth became more firm stretching into an even grimmer line. The Joker had apparently escaped Arkham and was beginning to reign havoc and destruction upon the city. Discarding his coat once more on the bed, Bruce headed out the door and towards his study.

He had work to do

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Selina Kyle adjusted her emerald necklace and swept her long midnight hair back. Grabbing some popcorn she threw it into her mouth as she

watched some incredibly muscular Tiger tamers be true to their name and tame ferocious tigers.

They sat the big cats on their haunches, one by one, with the two prized Siberian Tigers at the top.

Beautiful cats, so much so that she almost wished to steal one, but she denied herself even entertaining such thoughts. She stole from those who had an abundance and could do without a few things.

Haly's Circus most definitely did not fit into that category.

As it was, she actually wasn't under the big top because she was planning to steal something and wanted to get a better taste of her surroundings.

The times were few and rare that she actually allowed herself to simply sit back and enjoy her night just for the fun of it. Today however, counted.

And she hadn't been disappointed when it came to entertainment purposes. Everything was outstanding; that acts marvelous and breathtaking.

Even now she watched as the precious cats leapt through flaming rings, landing without flaw.

Amazing couldn't even begin to describe the night she was having.

Plus, rumor had it the trapeze artists that performed for Haley's Circus did so without the safety of a net. They were said to be legendary.

She hoped the Rumor would turn out to be more than just that.

Approximately 15 minutes later, her wish became reality.

With eyes of wonder, she watched as seemingly a family of three flew through the air. The smallest one, especially caught her attention. He appeared to be a kid, surely no more than 8, and he soared like an eagle.

The family, she learned through the ringmaster, consisted of a husband - John Grayson - a wife - Mary Grayson - and their son - Richard Grayson.

Together they were known as the gravity defying 'Flying Graysons'

And fly, they did.

Performing somersault after somersault, flip after flip, lunge after lunge, they sliced the air...and all performed without the safety of a net.

And yet they all seemed at ease - even the youngest. More than at ease actually. They seemed at home in the air.

They defied natural forces and enjoyed doing so.

And then something went wrong.

Selina didn't have the slightest idea as to how she knew. Maybe it was her keen and trained senses. Maybe it was Instinct or a Gut feeling, call it what you wished, but bottom line was that something was wrong.

Her ears were beginning to pick up what she knew to be the straining and screeching just as the smallest trapeze artist - Richard - landed in the other side of the trapeze and on solid ground.

Where was the sound coming from though? It was hard to pinpoint it with the roar of the crowd. Her skilled eyes began searching the area...

...where was the noise coming from?!

And then she heard the horrible sickening crack - the crack that left her ears ringing even minutes later; this time she knew exactly where the sound began at.

She sprang to her feet and her eyes flew to the wires at the exact moment when John and Mary Grayson began their descent downwards.

Their eyes were wide with shock. Their fingers outstretched as if still gripping the wires...as if the moment hadn't settled in.

Then the unmistakable cry of a young child split the hysterics the crowd was going into

"Mami! Tati! MAMI!"

As if awoken from a trance, the faces of the parents were absorbed by horror. The last thing Selina saw, was the mom mouth her son's name, before Selina looked away focusing on the discarded pop-corn box lying at her feet.

It wasn't enough to block the sound, however.

She still heard the impact of the bodies. And the terrified unreal scream that tore at the air. The shriek that flew through the air just as the bodies now battered and tattered on the ground had been just a few moments ago.

She bit her lip hard and let herself grip the chair in front of her hard. Her status could be defined as a criminal, but that didn't mean she enjoyed the loss of life. She was no murderer.

The sounds of hysterical sobbing drew her from the thoughts of her mind. Looking up she saw the boy kneeling in front of his parents ; his fingers dug into the dirt harshly and his face was streaked with tears of agony.

And when he opened his eyes, when he opened his sapphire glassy orbs, she saw a vulnerability in him - mixed with fierce passion.

And Selina knew at that moment that if this boy got into the wrong

hands, his vulnerability would be exploited and a darkness would consume him. He had great potential... for both good and evil. It all depended on who molded him.

He was wet cement right now, but once he was molded into a shape, he would harden and that would be how he would stay.

This once bright boy had the capacity to become the most feared man in the Gotham Underworld.

If Selina could see it, then who else could?

And what if that 'who' turned out to be some crazy?

She looked at the boy and recognized in him another man she knew well...she saw Bruce Wayne in that boy. The hurt...the pain...the Empty eyes...

...the dark

But she also saw something she also knew Bruce didn't have. She saw light, hidden sure, but still in existence.

Staring at his shaking shoulders and racking sobs, she made up her mind.

What she was thinking, she didn't know.

How this would turn out, eluded her as well.

She still set her jaw though. Steeling her eyes, she began to walk towards the boy...

The Last Flying Grayson...

...soon to be taken in as a ward by Selina Kyle

-AF

End
file.